# EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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## A BIRCH-BARK-CANOE VOYAGE.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

A BOY wishing, a boy looking out from a window of his rough, low home in Canada, and wishing earnestly.

"Wish I could do more for father and mother," he said. He glanced upward and saw a little break in the roof where he knew the storms of winter would strive if possible to effect an entrance. "I should like to get a new, tight roof for father and mother," he said.

That is a noble ambition, — the wish and the purpose to do for one's parents everything possible for their happiness. Young Jack Thompson not only wished but worked; and then when wishing and working were over, at night he would kneel and ask God to bless all his efforts in behalf of those he loved. Hopeful as may be the seed of all good effort, it is prayer that will surround the sowing with the sunshine and the rain of God's blessing.

But just what could Jack do at the present time? From the window where he stood he could see the walls of a fort of the Hudson Bay Company. A high stockade enclosed all the buildings, consisting of a store, a building for the accumulation of furs, and the quarters of those in the service of the Company. Very soon the canoes and other boats of the settlement would be shooting up a river that skirted the walls of the fort, and would return with the furs gathered from the white and Indian hunters.

"Wish I could get a chance in one of the fur-boats," thought Jack. "There, wishing won't bring favors. I'll ask for a chance to go off."

Asking secured what wishing never will gain, and Jack was promised a chance in one of the fur-boats. He made known to an acquaintance, Jonah Higgins, what he should do with the earnings of the trip, and when the morning came for the departure of the fleet Jonah was there at the green river-bank to say farewell.

"Good-by, Jonah!"

"Good-by, Jack! Try to make the best of everything. That is my advice. Don't forget it. Good-by."

Jonah Higgins was an old, gray-haired employee of the Hudson Bay Company. He was interested in Jack's canoe trip up the river that eddied and rippled in front of the fort.

"I know," soliloquized Jonah, as he watched the floating, graceful shell of bark, — "I know what Jack Thompson would like. He would like to earn enough on this trip to give his father and mother a tight roof against next winter's storms. Well, good luck, boy. I should like to get the place that is vacant here inside, but I suppose our head man will let it go to somebody else, unless — unless you bring back a heavy load of something. If you don't get a thing, well, you may whistle for the chance to secure work inside."

Having made his speech to himself, Jonah waved his hand to Jack and stepped back into the fort.

Two besides Jack were going off in this canoe trip, — the Indian, Bob, and the old Canadian trapper, Bob Stirling.

"Names will get mixed," said Solomon Stanton, a gray-beard who was at the head of the fort. "Here we have two Bobs."

"Folks won't mix 'em what sees 'em. Call one 'Injy Bob,' and the other 'Bob S.,'" was Jonah's suggestion. The two men carried these names.

The canoe in which Jack journeyed was owned by "Injy Bob." It was thirteen feet long, two and a half feet wide in the centre, and a foot and a half deep. From the centre, the boat tapered toward the bow and the stern also, and these were slightly raised. Injy Bob had built the boat with his own hands, stripping of its bark a birch that grew on the shore of Labrador. It was so light that he could carry it alone, but it was noticed that he preferred to have the help of another set of muscles. He had recently examined the canoe's seams, which he had once tightly rosined. Placing his lips at every seemingly weak place he blew through it as if he were a bellows. Rosining the rents, he carried this big canoe-baby down to the river, and launched it. If no water appeared in the boat he gave a grunt of satisfaction. Two grunts meant dissatisfaction. Lifting his pet out of the water he again blew with the bellows and again applied the rosin.

"Me got tight boat as ever you see," he assured Solomon.

"All right then! Off with you fast as you can paddle," was Solomon's abrupt dismissal.

"Make the best of everything?" thought Jack, as he looked upon his companions. "A chance to try to do it."

Injy Bob was heavy, stolid, and silent. Bob S. was excitable and fidgety. The third companion needed tact and grace to manage these two voyageurs. And what a trip it was! Noiselessly as a duck the canoe glided along the river. The paddles would dip into the bright water, then lift and scatter a shower of pearls as if for the enriching and delight of an admiring trout-crowd below. The emerald grass on either bank was tufted with flowers, while the old pines crowded forward as far as possible, and from the edge of gray old ledges looked down on the passing canoe. There were falls that the canoe must be borne about, or rapids which the boatmen could dexterously conquer with their paddles. Everywhere were birds, each the proprietor of a private orchestra in its throat. The boatmen did not halt at noon to make a dipper of tea.

"We will lunch in the boat," said Bob S., "and we will stop all the earlier for it to-night."

They halted gladly in a forest nook, — a cosey, green-walled chamber, — for the night, a few feet from the river, and energetically went to work. Injy Bob made a fire. Jack gathered soft, green hemlock tips for a bed. Suddenly Bob S. whistled. It was a long, sharp, vigorous whistle.

"That means something," thought Jack. "I know the old hunter."

Bob S. was standing by the canoe overhauling the baggage.

"Well, well, well, though it is anything but 'well'!" said Bob S. "I came to look for some tea, and I see that we have n't any powder!"

"No got powder?" exclaimed Injy Bob. "Ugh! that — wuss!"

Indeed, it was something more than bad.

"I don't see how we can shoot anything and take home any furs," observed Bob S., "and they not only expect us to collect furs, but hunt for some."

"That — that — wuss!" again declared Injy Bob.

"Here is something to be made the best of," thought Jack. "I'll — I'll make a proposition."

"See here!" he said aloud. "I will walk back for some powder. I can follow the river, you know."

"I wanted to say that, but — I wondered who 'd go," said Bob S.

"While I am gone you two would have a chance to collect those furs at the Indian camps we thought of visiting near here, only we were going to them on our way back," suggested Jack. "You might go now."

"That is good!" said Bob S.

"That — that — better!" grunted Injy Bob.

The next morning Jack was off before the birds had finished their ante-breakfast concert, and patiently threaded the forests, rounded the falls, surmounted the ledges, tracing the river till it brought him to the fort.

"Hullo! you here?" asked Solomon Stanton.

"Yes, I 'm sorry to say we forgot our powder."

Jack expected he would not only get powder but shot in the old official's answer, but Solomon had loaded up his thoughts with another charge, and was too much occupied with this to scold Jack about the powder.

"It 's that Bob S. and that Injy Bob! They are to blame!" declared Solomon Stanton. "I'll go and look after them myself. I will, see if I don't! I'll take my light birch-bark canoe, and you shall help me paddle."

Solomon was the owner of the most delicate, graceful canoe on the coast. It weighed only seventy-five pounds, and just made a sizable armful for the fat, waspish Solomon.

"Oh dear!" groaned Jack in the presence of Jonah. "Must I go back with that man? I had such a nice time coming down all alone."

"Don't you know what I said, Jack? Make the best of it. When you are on a trip, or folks camp out, they must learn how to get along with one another."

"I'll — try. It is 'big-injun dose,' though, as Bob says. May be good for me."

"Solomon's Baby," as his canoe had been named, made excellent time in its passage, and to his surprise, Jack found he could get along with its owner.

"Stick to the right side of him," Jonah had advised. "Get him to tell stories." Oh, how busy Jack did keep the old Hudson's Bay trader, telling stories of hunting, of Indians, of wild winter storms, of lonely forests that swallowed up travellers!

"Why," said Solomon when he reached the camp of Injy Bob and Bob S., his vanity as story-teller tickled by Jack's many requests, and the good nature that he did have now restored to him, — "why, I — I — think I won't scold these fellers. They 'll do more work on honey than vinegar."

True, true, Solomon Stanton!

The fur-trip of the voyageurs soon was resumed, and ere long was completed. Alas, when they reached the fort their canoes were scantily laden! Indians to sell fur were not abundant, and animals of any special value willing to take off their hairy overcoats at the solicitations of white hunters were less numerous.

"Sorry for ye!" said Jonah to Jack. "I hoped you would get that roof covered for the old folks."

Jack laughed: "Well, I must make the best of it, I suppose, — you remember your advice, — and I will try to thatch the roof the best I can with birch-bark."

"See here," said Solomon just then to Jonah, and he called Jonah aside. "I want your advice," he remarked in very significant, suppressed tones. "I heard what Jack said just now. I know he tried to 'make the best' of me in that canoe trip. I am thinking I need that kind of a boy round

me all the time, and had n't I better give him the vacant berth in the fort."

"Zackly!" replied Jonah with great promptness and with a look of profound wisdom. "You could n't do better, in my opinion."

So Jack after all secured for the old folks a tight roof when the winter winds drummed on the frozen ground, and in response a huge army of snow-flakes came rushing out of the North for an attack on Canada. Under that warm roof Jack did not forget in his prayers to thank the kind Fatherly Friend in Heaven that helped him gain his blessing.

## PROMETHEUS.

BY CHARITY DYE.

NO account of Prometheus, we think, quite equals that given by the Greek poet Æschylus. Æschylus wrote in the fourth century B. C. To him Victor Hugo has ascribed the "hundredth degree of genius." It is said the poet must first be a man. Æschylus proved that he was this by his valiant service at Marathon. He looked with greater pride upon having fought there than he did upon his wonderful poetical productions.

The time of Æschylus was one of great awakening The leaven of a new spirit was working in all directions. This new spirit had left behind the simplicity of the Homeric age. It saw back of Zeus a fate greater than he. It inspired men with a desire to ascend Mount Olympus, and sit at the council of the gods.

Prometheus was a Titan. The Titans were the offspring of heaven and earth, — an embodiment of the physical and the spiritual. We first see Prometheus helping to put Zeus in power, showing the highest test of greatness in giving power to another when it is possible to keep it one's self. Cronos, the father of Zeus, was the ancient ruler of heaven. His children revolted, and there was war. Most of the Titans took the part of Cronos, but Prometheus and a few of them sided with Zeus and placed him on the throne. When on the throne Zeus chained his father in Tartarus, and buried the Titans under mountains, or bound them in Hades.

Prometheus, like every great soul, having proved himself worthy, found his life-work at hand. He saw how Zeus had neglected the race of men, how they dwelt in "sunless cavern depths," and how miserable was their condition. In order to better their condition and teach them the arts of civilized life, Prometheus stole the sacred fire from heaven and gave it to mankind. They were by this enabled to use the materials of the earth, and a higher civilization began at once. He gave them numbers and letters and arts, and, more than all, inspired them with "blind hope," so they no longer feared death. For stealing the fire Zeus sent Vulcan (Strength) to bind Prometheus on a high and lonely peak of Mount Caucasus, where a vulture was sent to feed daily upon his liver, which nightly grew anew.

The Greek poem opens with the scene where Prometheus is being crucified on the adamantine rock, doomed to years of sleepless suffering. He bears the wedge driven through the breast and the nails through the limbs in meek and silent submission. In his solitude he calls upon the firmament, the swift-winged winds, and the earth, mother of all, to witness what he, a "god from gods, endures," because, he says, —

> " . . . I snatched the hidden spring of stolen fire,
> Which is to man a teacher of all arts,
> Their chief resource. . . .
> And this for my great love,
> Too great for mortal men."

While chained to the rock Prometheus had many visitors. The ocean nymphs, with their worldly wisdom, came; Io, another victim of the cruelty of Zeus, doomed to wander from land to land forever stung by the horrid gad-fly, also found Prometheus. A common sorrow united them; and Prometheus, forgetting himself, comforted Io by prophesying that a descendant of hers (Hercules) thirteen generations hence would be his deliverer.

Zeus sent Mercury to Prometheus to draw from him a secret, the telling of which would set him free; but Prometheus was as firm as the adamantine rock that held him. He defied the powers of Zeus, and Mercury departed, telling him that Zeus would send him to "Hades' sunless realm." Prometheus replied that he knew all from the beginning, and asked for the worst to come. Then the earth shook, the lightnings flashed, and the thunders roared. In the midst of the tempest's whirl the earth opened, and Prometheus sank from sight, thus ending the tragedy.

Nothing but the reading of this poem can give one an idea of its grandeur. Æschylus wrote in trilogies; and it is thought that the "Prometheus Bound" is one part of a trilogy, the other two, "The Fire Bearer" and "Prometheus Unbound," having been lost.

It is no wonder that the story of Prometheus is a favorite study with those of our modern poets who strive to —

> "Keep the heart of man forever up
> To the heroic level of old time."

Was not the fire which Prometheus gave the same that still burns in the soul of the hero; that prompts the sacrifice of the saint; that sustains the hope of the discoverer; enables the artist to make the marble speak, and put the sky on canvas, and the singer to sing of all these things, — that fire of inspiration whereby man sees his divine source and tries to express it in the material world, and reach it in the spiritual?

Certainly Prometheus will always stand forth as an example of the power of lofty endeavor. If he broke the law by stealing the fire, he again fulfilled it by taking of his own accord the full penalty. His story also shows that force (represented by Zeus) must yield to genius. Lowell makes Prometheus say to Zeus: —

> "There is a higher purity than thou,
> And higher purity is greater strength.
> Let man but hope, and thou art straightway chilled.
> Let man but will, and thou art god no more.
> He who hurled down the monstrous Titan brood
> Is weaker than a simple human thought."

Prometheus has often been compared to Milton's Satan. In their dauntless spirits there is a striking resemblance. But if motive makes the difference, they are very unlike. Satan's defiance grew from love of power: Prometheus conferred that power upon another. Milton makes Satan the author of the "fall" of man: Prometheus helps his ascent. With Satan it were —

> "Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven."

With Prometheus: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

He chose the cross without any hope of a crown, and yet the poem that tells us his story was written over five hundred years before the name "Christian" was first used.

## History and Biography.

### COUNT RUMFORD.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

I WENT to see, not long ago, a very old house; it was built before the Declaration of Independence was written. It is carefully preserved and prized, because it was the birthplace of the great Count Rumford.

If I should ask my little readers if they could tell me anything about Benjamin Franklin, what a chorus of voices would be ready to answer! I imagine some child would say, quoting a proverb about him: —

> "Shrewd and miserly, witty and wise,
> He drew down fame by a string from the skies."

I am not so sure that these boys and girls could tell me as much about Count Rumford.

He was born in North Woburn, in 1753, in the old house of which I have spoken. In this house are still to be seen many relics of his early life; even the awkward wooden cradle in which he was rocked in his baby-days is there.

When he lived in this country he was not Count Rumford, but Mr. Benjamin Thompson.

You have tasted Baldwin apples many times. Not far from Count Rumford's early home, Mr. Loammi Baldwin once lived, — the man for whom these apples were named, because he discovered their merits. This man was Count Rumford's life-long friend.

When Mr. Thompson was a young man, he married a rich widow, fourteen years older than himself, and went to live in Rumford, New Hampshire. You could not find Rumford on the map of New Hampshire now, but could easily find Concord, which is the same city.

Mr. Thompson spent several years in London, and then entered the service of the elector of Bavaria. He rose rapidly in honor and influence. He was major-general, councillor of state, lieutenant-general, minister of war, and count of the holy Roman Empire. He chose the name Rumford himself. You will at once guess, and rightly, that he chose this name in honor of the home in America, where he lived in his early manhood.

He passed some years in Munich. There is a public garden in Munich known as the "English Garden." In this garden is a monument erected in honor of Count Rumford. The inscription on this monument tells us how he filled his years in Munich: "Pause, saunterer! for enjoyment is heightened by gratitude. A suggestive hint of Charles Theodore, seized on with genius, taste, and love by Rumford, the friend of mankind, has transformed this once waste spot into what thou now seest about thee."

On the reverse side, beneath a bust of Count Rumford, is the following: "To him who rooted out the most disgraceful public evils, idleness and mendicity, who gave to the poor relief, occupation, and good morals, and to the youth of the fatherland so many schools of instruction. Go, saunterer, and imitate him in spirit and deed, and us in gratitude."

Count Rumford died in 1814, in France, and was buried in a little cemetery near Paris. Before he died the Americans learned to admire him. His name is now remembered by a professorship at Harvard College and a medal fund in the Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston. The people, too, through him, learned better ways of giving charity. He had one child, a daughter, the Countess Sarah, who never married.

## Our Letter-Box.

We would call attention to the Bible Questions given in this number. It is always profitable to learn about the customs of strange peoples, and the customs of the Israelites are of special interest to all Sunday-school scholars. Those readers who will take the trouble to look up the answers to the Bible Questions will see how much the religion of Jesus has done to humanize the world. War is bad enough now, but it was far worse in the days of the Israelites. We wish our readers would send us answers to these questions as freely as they do to the puzzles given here. In other numbers we shall give more questions concerning Jewish customs.

A letter from Decatur, Texas, sent to Our Letter-Box, contains, besides the suggestion to the Every Other Sunday given below, correct answers to all the puzzles in one of our back numbers. As the writer solves our puzzles so easily, can she not send us some? We will try to bear her suggestion in mind.

I like the stories in Every Other Sunday very much, only I wish there would be more continued stories in it.

Kate Houts, 9 years old.

Nickerson, Neb., Aug. 8, 1886.

Dear Editor, — I like the Every Other Sunday very much indeed. I have an uncle who lives in Newton, Mass., that sends it to me. They came west and made us a visit this spring. I live a mile and a half from Nickerson and six miles from Fremont. I have one pet, and that is a pony. I ride her to Nickerson nearly every day after the mail. I had my picture taken on her a short time ago. She is a strawberry roan, with a white face and two white feet. She has a little colt, but I always leave it at home; I am afraid the cars will run over it. With love,

Clara A. M., age 9 years.

### ANAGRAMS.

Each sentence spells a quotation from the Bible.

1. A otsf warnse rhutten yawa awhrt.
2. Edlsebs rea hyet owh ghruen nad rhtist eatrf sosgenrsithue.
3. Sledebs ear hte espamekcrea.
4. Tiltel idcerhnl, voel neo traenoh.
5. Eht dolr si ym pesdhehr, I ahlsl ont ntaw.

H. C., 12 years old.

### ENIGMA II.

My first is in pin, but not in needle;
My second is in parson, but not in beadle;
My third is in lip, but not in cheek;
My fourth is in modest, but not in meek;
My fifth is in cat, but not in mouse;
My sixth is in dip, but not in douse;
My seventh is in love, but not in affection;
My eighth is in shelter, but not in protection;
My ninth is in ankle, but not in feet;
My whole was a Puritan maiden sweet.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

11. When the Israelites went to war, what did they carry as arms?
12. What was their dress at those times?
13. What did their cavalry consist of?
14. What sort of artillery did they have?
15. What did they carry as flags?
16. What did they use to sound an alarm with?
17. How were their cities built for protection from enemies?
18. How was it their custom to treat those whom they conquered?
19. In what manner did they torture their prisoners?
20. What proportion of the spoil taken in war did they give to the priests?

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 1.

Old Testament Enigma. "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

Anagram. "Thou shalt not steal."

Charade I. Puritan.

### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Bible means "the book;" Testament means "covenant."
2. Thirty-nine.
3. Twenty-seven.
4. "The law and the prophets" (see Acts xiii. 15), or the "holy Scriptures" (see 2 Timothy iii. 16).
5. Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.
6. The Pentateuch, which means "five books," because that is their number.
7. Moses.
8. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, — the greater prophets; and Jonah, Amos, Hosea, Joel, Micah, Nahum, Zephaniah, Habakkuk, Obadiah, Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi, — the minor or lesser prophets.
9. The Psalms were written by different persons. Dr. Noyes gives the following authors: Moses, David, Solomon, Asaph, Heman, Ethan, and the sons of Korah.

The same scholarly critic says that David wrote nearly half of the Psalms, and that many of the others are anonymous.

10. The book of Proverbs contains wise sayings, of which the majority may have been uttered or collected by Solomon.

## For Youngest Readers.

### WHAT THE BLACKBIRD SAW.

BY LUCY WHEELOCK.

There was once a little spring far up on the hillside, almost hidden by an overhanging rock. Tall pine and fir trees grew near the rock and kept tender watch over the spring; but they were sad and dark, and never allowed the sun even to peep in at their treasure, and the loving moss grew so near the brim that it almost covered the water.

But the spring bubbled up cool and clear, and sent a tiny stream down the hill to freshen the violets and mayflowers below. The birds liked to come and drink from the spring, and they often sang beautiful songs of the blue sky, flowery fields, the great sea, and the bright sun.

And when the song was ended, the spring would say: "How I should like to be a part of all this glorious life, and do something in this great world! But the shadows are so deep about me that I cannot even see the sun, and the rock presses me so closely that I cannot get away, and I can never do anything."

"You must not mourn," the birds would answer. "The friendly trees and moss love you, and we should never know where to find cool water, if you were not here."

"That is a little thing," replied the spring. "I am glad that I have water to give you; but I long to be of some use in this wonderful world of which you sing. I send a little stream down the hillside, hoping that it may reach the sunlight; but I have never heard from it, so I fear it is lost in the woods."

"Perhaps not," answered the blackbird. "I will look for it, as I fly over the forest, and some day I will come back and tell you where it is."

So the little spring waited sadly for the blackbird's return; but she did not forget to keep the rill always full, and to furnish a cooling drink to all the birds.

After many days the blackbird flew down with a glad motion and alighted on the rock near the spring.

"Good news! Wonderful news!" it sang. "I have taken a long flight to a distant country, always following your little stream, which has a glorious mission, such as you have never dreamed.

"It runs down the hill under the old trees like a tiny silver thread, and the thread becomes a ribbon as other rills join it. They join hands and run on together to meet a lordly river which takes them all along as it sweeps onward to the sea.

"Past many a pretty town, through smiling fields and shady groves, the river goes, carrying life and refreshment to grass and flowers, man and beast.

"I could not begin to count all the mills and factories which this stream turns in its course, nor to tell you of all the useful things which these factories furnish to the world.

"But I saw that the river was always hurrying on, growing deeper and broader as other streams united with it, and at last it lost itself in the great blue sea.

"I was sad when I saw this, and thought that the noble river was lost indeed; but the lark, who is very wise, whispered to me that the river becomes a part of this great ocean, and helps to carry the proud ships which skim like large white birds over its surface and do the work of the world.

"And more than this, the lark told me that in some wonderful way the clouds drink up water from the sea and send it back to earth in the form of rain, and that nothing could grow and nobody could live without this great ocean.

"And so I hastened to tell you, dear spring, that you and your little stream are a part in this great plan, and you must never be sad again."

"No," said the spring gayly; "I am glad to remain hidden and think that the great work is going on, in which I have a share."

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Our idle days are Satan's busy days.

Good words are worth much, and cost little.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

Robert Beyschlag

## Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

### THE CHILDREN'S "FINDS."

BY SOLON F. WHITNEY.

"WHITHER, my children, are you going."

"To the old quarry for minerals and butterflies."

"Have you so soon finished your dinner?"

"Yes, while you have been detained by some of the other scholars, we have been home to dinner, have got our nets and hammer and bag, eager to add to the curiosities in our new cabinet."

"Well, keep your eyes well open, for Nature is sure to reward the earnest search of her lovers. Come to me with your *finds* when you return."

Well knew Robie and Nellie that the pleased eye and helpful words of their teacher would greet them whenever they could carry to him any new form of insect, plant, or mineral.

"Nellie," said Robie, "you look out for insects. I will see if I can find any of that Prehnite our teacher told us about yesterday when we carried him those little cubes so much like gold."

"Yes, Robie, we were not mistaken in the color; for the teacher said those hard and perfect little cubes, so bright and yellow in the dull slate stone, are called by some, 'Fools' gold.' Is the true name pyrites?"

"Yes, iron and copper pyrites, almost worthless as it is, has been taken, he said, to California, to exchange for pure gold."

"Do you think, Robie, you could always tell the difference?"

"Why, yes; you know a blow of this hammer would only flatten out a bit of gold, while the pyrites would crumble. But here is the quarry. Now look sharp for bluish-green stones."

"What is this, Robie, right in the cart path, where the wagons pass over the hard, smooth rock?"

"Why, Nellie, you have an eye for color. It must be a vein of Prehnite. Now if I could only get the quarry-men to put a blast into this rock, I should find some splendid specimens, perhaps fine crystals."

There could be no doubt about the mineral. But despairing of being able to get the quarry-men to spoil their road-way for what so little interested them, Robie and Nellie, with eyes sharpened by sight of the delicate hues of the vein of Prehnite, the object of their search, examined every nook and corner. "Robie, Robie, what is this?" cried Nellie, pointing to something on the stem of a milk-weed growing in a corner. "See, it is pea-green, and has rows of gold buttons down one side and bands of gold also."

"Why, it is brighter than Prehnite," said Robie, "and how curiously it is hung like a bell from the leaf-stalk. And here is another. We will carefully carry home stalk and all, to see what they may be."

Robie and Nellie carried their milk-weed stalks with their delicately colored and beautifully marked swinging bells to their teacher, feeling that nothing so curiously hung or ornamented could come by chance. Their teacher rejoiced to see their enthusiastic faces, and wisely refrained from telling them what they could so much better find out for themselves. He bade them place the stems in his "den," — a small, well-lighted room, — and wait to see what changes would take place. The next morning they returned to find that one of the green gold-buttoned bell-like masses had apparently burst, leaving only a thin, shrunken bundle of skin or membrane. What could be the cause of the change?

"Nellie! look up on the bar of the window! See that bright, tawny butterfly. Why, its wings are bordered and crossed with lines of black."

"See the spots of white and yellow," said Nellie, "in the outer corners of its wings, and the double row of white spots in the black borders."

"It must be a butterfly and not a moth," said Robie, "for its antennæ are knobbed."

"See that black spot on the black line through the middle of the hind wing."

"You have very carefully observed, my children, the distinguishing features of a butterfly, which, though not rare, is new to you. I will give you a name for your new friend," said their teacher. "It is the Monarch, or Milk-weed Butterfly. It came from the green chrysalis you brought home. You might write down its scientific name, *Danais Plexippus*. If you should look in 'Harris's Insects Injurious to Vegetation,' one of the best books on our insects, you would find that he calls it *Archippus*. We will not say much about names now, but observe carefully the forms, colors, and habits. This will do for the present. Come to me to-morrow, and we will see if more come out; and if we should find some eggs, we will look at them through the microscope. I think you will wonder at their curious and regular form, looking like a basket with regular ribs running up and down, filled in with a delicate net-work of cross-lines. How admirable are all the designs of Nature!"

### A SUMMER PICTURE.

BY MRS. E. C. WILSON.

WE had dinner at half-past twelve. Then Baby Marjorie had *her* dinner. Then everything must be got ready. What makes it always take so much time to "get ready" when there seems nothing to do but start? At two they started. Kenneth, important, with his little tin pail and shovel; Nursie, more like a grown-up sister than a nurse, wheeling the carriage; Helen, always last, racing, with heels high, to "catch up," as the others wave good-by, turn the corner, and disappear from view. Helen is nimble-footed. She will catch them, and, once off, will be first on the beach. I go back into the picturesque little farm-house; into the cool, cosey parlor. My time is my own, and all the more my own that my "bairns" are happy. I may read, write, sew, anything I like, and I well know how to spend my quiet time. Mothers are never at a loss for something to do. Time travels quickly on. Three o'clock! How soon it has come. Yet I have done two hours' work in that one hour, so still and uninterrupted. I'm to start at four. I wonder what the little things are doing. I'll not wait till four o'clock; not I. I'm off to join them. Auntie, where are you? I want the children's supper in this basket. Here it is. In with it quick. I'm in a hurry. Half of a cunning little loaf of fresh sponge cake, to cut into four thick slices. Everything goes by fours when we take supper at the beach. Four biscuits? No, eight biscuits to make *two* fours. Eight cookies, too, for cookies are small and are favorites. Now run out under the huge, beautiful, wide-spreading apple-tree for eight "early harvests." Pick the yellow, mellow ones. And here's a cake of nice, sweet chocolate. Just four "shares" in it. How fortunate! Now the tin pail for water. It's so early I'll take my writing pad and write a letter to papa. There, that's all. Good-by, Auntie.

The short walk is delightful. On the top of the hill you could not help pausing. You could look and look, and look again, and never tire of looking at Narragansett's beautiful blue waters, dotted here and there with white sails.

> "Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
> With the wonderful water around you curled."

But I trudge on. I slip softly down the bank, and peep carefully into the cove. How pretty! It is a scene to make glad a mother's heart. They do not see me. I will sit on this grassy mound under the shade of the great tree on the top of the bank. Baby Marjorie sits on the big gray shawl, crowing and laughing, the happiest of the happy. Nursie, seated by her side, is making a dress for Daisy, Helen's doll. Helen herself is making a great sand village, the streets and houses all shaded with sweet-fern branches put down for trees. It is very pretty, with its sand wall all around it, but Old Ocean will have it all swallowed up before Helen comes again. Kenneth, apart, has dug a well in the sand. His sleeves are rolled up and his feet are bare. He prances and frisks down to the water, and right into it, for water to fill his well. He knows his well will never fill, but he does not mind; that only gives him the pleasure of going again and again, which he could n't do if the water "stayed."

Ah! papa must wait for his letter; for as I have sat here on the mound I've been sketching this little scene instead of writing his letter. My free-hearted, joyous little fortunates! As little do you dream you are having your picture taken as do the green hills and the blue waters around you.

But young eyes are keen. Suddenly the little Kenneth pauses. He laughs gleefully, swings his pail in air, sets up a clear, joyous shout, and runs to meet discovered mamma as fast as tender bare feet can be urged over the pebbly part of the beach. His greeting is as hearty and affectionate as though he had been away from me a week instead of an hour.

He eyes my basket, and forthwith recollects that he is "very, very, *very* hungry." He must have a cookie. He sits beside me and chats sociably while he eats it. See! the crumbs that have fallen on the grass are moving! Down goes the little explorer flat on his stomach, and down goes my face beside his earnest little one. It is the ants, busy, bustling, and excited over the unexpected feast. Brave little creatures! How hard they work! One tiny fellow drags along a bit at least ten times his own size! He comes to a big straw; he can go no farther. Two others come to the rescue. Bravo! they have really got it over! I think of the proverb, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." It almost seems that the little creatures themselves are saying it to us instead of wise old Solomon of long, long ago. "We are not sluggards, little ants. We are not idle. We are learning of you. We are learning to carry heavy burdens and to carry them bravely."

There is no more writing to be done now. The well must be admired; the sand village must be praised; the progress on Daisy's dress must be noted; and, more than all, Baby Marjorie must have a dance and crow in mother's arms. Sleepy? Lay her in the carriage, Nursie.

Trundle her a minute on the sandy beach. Old Ocean's little waves shall make music to lull the darling to sleep.

Here is the pail, Helen. Now for your scramble. Half-way up the bank Helen fixes the pail firm on a rock. The tiniest of springs is there. Drop, drop, drop. By supper-time the pail will be overflowing with sweet, cool water.

How fast the sun sinks down! Never faster than when we are taking tea with Old Ocean. On with your shoes and stockings, little folks, while I spread the cloth; not in the shade this time, for it is getting cool, but out here on the pebbles where the sun can see us. Delicious! Everything is by fours, but we forget to divide. There is plenty, and we will "top it off" when we get home with a mug of sweet, new milk, warm from the cow. But see the sun. We've been lagging. We must make a little haste now. Little princess is awake. Pile all the luggage into her chariot. Buckle the strap to the front of the carriage. All ready; pull, Helen; Kenneth, push. "A long pull, a strong pull, a pull all together," and here we are at the top. One last look. Good-night, Old Ocean; we'll come again soon, you may be sure. Now, my gay, frisking steeds, prance your merriest, for you serve the dearest, most gracious little queen in all the world. Whoa! Open the gate, Nursie. It's too heavy for little folks. We lose our ponies here. Off they gallop to zigzag in and out through this enchanting field of corn, higher by several inches than their dear shingled heads. Now we meet them again, "all out of breath." They have travelled fifty rods to go twenty-five. Lift Kenneth to the top of this wall to see the sheep over there. Why aren't they white like Mary's? Do you suppose that Mary's lamb is the only one that ever had "fleece as white as snow"? I've been looking out for another ever since I was the smallest of maidens.

Well, well! what is this big, brown, speckled hen doing nestled down so comfortably out here in this field? Shoo, old hen! go home and sleep on the perch with your brothers and sisters. I declare! she has a whole dozen of the fluffiest, downiest little chickens tucked away under her wings. Why, you funny mother! I do believe you mean to sleep out here all night with your family! What if it should rain? Well, do as you please, Madam hen. You've brought up more chickens than we have, and no doubt you know best.

Careful now, down this hill. Off we go again! Home at last, and tired as tired can be. Helen drops on the lounge. Auntie takes "her boy" in her lap. Kenneth feels it a great honor to be "Auntie's boy." At first she was "the lady that owns the house." It soon got shortened to "Auntie Russell." There are two Auntie Russells, — the "man one" and the "lady one." Auntie is n't *truly* auntie, but she has such a big heart for children to crawl into that "auntie" is a good name for her. Here comes the "man one" with the milk. Is n't it delicious! And now to bed and the sweetest of sleep. Old Ocean always sends her guests home all ready for bed.

Kenneth is so tired we can hardly get him undressed, washed, and into his comfortable bed. Oh dear! Can't he be cheerful just a little longer? Don't let the sunny day end in cloud. Suddenly the little face brightens. "I'll tell you," says the affectionate little fellow, "you kiss me and I'll kiss you, and it will be all over." That is his favorite way of ending "fusses." So the day ends in a flood of sunshine after all; a flood of sunshine after the sun has gone to bed.

Kenneth says he is never going back home, — "no, not never." The farm is almost more than he can manage, although he struggles bravely to do his summer duties. There are three hundred hens and chickens. Then there are the geese and goslings, the little pigs, black-and-tan Jessie with her five little pups, and Tabby with her four kittens. He calls them all "mine."

It is Paradise for Helen. She feels but one want. Helen has a "chum." Of course she has many chums, but only one very particular and most intimate one, and in all her "good times" she misses her sadly. But they are ten years old, these little intimates, and can write letters; that's *something*. It's a good deal, indeed, to Helen, shirking chum that she is, for she had written but one letter when she had received five from her loyal little friend. It is n't fair, *is* it? Helen promises herself that she will do better.

"When papa comes!" That is a phrase always on our lips. He will be here soon. Then there will be picnics and expeditions to the beaches for shells, and sight-seeing excursions to Newport. A little bustle and stir after the quiet before we go back to our city home.

Now, truly, ought n't these little ones to be always "good and happy," as in their bed-time prayer they nightly ask the good God to help them be?

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

The Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society will be held in Worcester, October 20–21. Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke preaches the sermon, and the principal address will be by the Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut on "The Sunday-school of To-day." Other speakers will be Rev. Messrs. De Normandie, Reynolds, Lyon, Slicer, and Hale, Miss Channing, and Rev. Stopford W. Brooke, of London.

The first meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-school Union will be held in the rooms of the Second Church, Boston, on Monday evening, October 25. Miss Jacobs, the new Secretary, will read a report of Dr. Hurlbut's address at Worcester, and Rev. H. G. Spaulding will open the discussion.

At the National Unitarian Conference in Saratoga, last month, Rev. S. C. Beach, of Dedham, read a paper on "The Sunday-school." In trying to enforce the value of the *worship* element in the school, Mr. Beach unduly depreciated the religious instruction which the Sunday-school must give if it would fulfil its high mission. He also seemed to imply that the lambs of the flock are now shut out from the sheepfold by a strong fence without a gate. We are sure the reverse of this is the truth with nearly all Sunday-schools. Superintendents and teachers urge the regular attendance of the pupils at the church service, and are always both ready and happy to work with the pastor to make the school an organic and vital part of the church.

The Flower Mission of the Harrison Square Sunday-school was organized only last June, but it reports as follows: —

"The Committee having charge of the organization of our branch of the Boston Flower and Fruit Mission feel it their pleasant duty to report that since the formation of the branch, early in the summer, we have been able to make up and send to the headquarters of the Mission one thousand six hundred and fifty-nine bouquets, besides a large quantity of loose flowers.

"In addition to these we have sent thirty-eight and a half dozen of fresh eggs, besides rhubarb, apples, asparagus, cherries, currants, raspberries, blackberries, grapes, pears, lettuce, string-beans, mint, and a box of guava jelly. The smallest number of bouquets sent in one day has been thirty-nine, and the largest one hundred and thirty-three."

# Teachers' Department.

## OUR QUESTION-BOX.

[This department of our paper will be, until further notice, under the charge of the Editor, who earnestly solicits *questions* from the readers of Every Other Sunday. It will be the Editor's aim to give thoughtful and suggestive replies to such questions as Sunday-school workers, both pupils and teachers, may send to him. Address, Editor of Every Other Sunday, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

*Is there a complete catalogue of the publications of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society?*

Yes. The Society has issued a twelve-page catalogue, which will be mailed to any one applying for it. Address the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

*Would it be a good plan to have boys and girls in the same class?*

Yes, if they were not separated like the sheep and the goats on opposite sides, but should sit naturally as they would anywhere else. In day schools, boys and girls stimulate one another's minds; and in ethical teaching it might be a real help to have the boy's business view of ethics placed against the girl's theoretical or sentimental consideration of some moral issue.

*Is there in any of our churches a confirmation service for young people?*

There is in some of our churches; there should be in all. Let every Sunday-school urge its pastor to prepare and use such a service.

*Our minister never speaks of the Sunday-school or of Sunday-school work from the pulpit. What can we do about it?*

"Convert" him. Ask him to do some specific thing, — to preach a sermon on the value of the religious education of the young, or on the duties of parents to the Sunday-school, or on the worth and dignity of the Sunday-school teacher's calling. If he "does n't believe in the Sunday-school as it is," ask him to show his people the more excellent way, and to help them to realize the higher conception. Show him, by all means, that you are not indifferent to his indifference.

*What "Missionary work" is done by the Sunday-School Society?*

Principally of these three kinds: —

1. Assisting newly organized schools by giving them service and singing books, manuals, papers, library-books, etc. In this way a Sunday-school is often helped to a vigorous growth before the society is strong enough to engage a pastor or build a church.

2. Giving away several hundred copies of Every Other Sunday to feeble schools, to mission schools, to colored children in the South, to orphan homes, and other benevolent institutions all over the country.

3. Donating Sunday-school supplies of every kind to feeble schools connected with churches that have been long established, but are now partly dependent on outside aid.

We wish all our Sunday-schools would help us to replenish and increase our Missionary Fund; for we can put to good use all the money that is sent us for this purpose.

*Is the annual business meeting of the Sunday-School Society held in October or in May?*

This year it will be held as usual in October. But an amendment to the By-laws, changing the date from October to May, will probably be passed at the meeting this month.

## Our Book Table.

[Special Note. — This Department of Every Other Sunday will continue to be under the immediate supervision of the Editor. He will be assisted this year by several friends competent to review the books that are sent to the paper. No notice will appear in these columns that the Editor cannot indorse as having been written by some one who has read the book and has pronounced judgment upon it with fairness and impartiality.]

Note. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 *Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.*

Class A.

*Books for Youngest Pupils.*

The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde, and Other Stories. By Mary De Morgan. Illustrated by Walter Crane. London: Macmillan & Co. pp. 184. Price, $1.25.

This book, finely illustrated by Walter Crane, is written in a very attractive style. The fairy stories all contain a healthful moral, and in reading them a child will be both entertained and benefited. L. W.

The Nursery. Illustrated Stories and Poems for Little People. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Price, $1.75.

The stories and pictures which fill this volume will be familiar to many of its readers, having appeared during the last year in "Our Little Ones."

This charming monthly has always given bright and amusing pictures of happy children engaged in the various occupations of play and work dear to childhood. The present volume does not fall behind others in interest and real merit. K. B.

A Six-Years' Darling; or, Trix in Town. By Ismay Thorn. Illustrated by T. Pym. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. pp. 112. Price, 50 cents. (From Cupples, Upham, & Co., Boston.)

This is a charming story of two little cousins, and the happy times they had together. The chapter wherein they are taken to see a poor boy in the hospital gives a lesson of love and charity which it would be well for all children to copy. The book is fully illustrated. L. W.

Ingle-Nook Stories. By Mrs. Stanley Leathes. Illustrated by M. Erwin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. pp. 112. Price, 50 cents. (From Cupples, Upham, & Co., Boston.)

The first story in this little book is that of Silverwing and Brownie, two little fairies. One is thoughtless, caring only for her own happiness, but the second is always looking out to help others in distress. And so, when Silverwing came to be in trouble, it was Brownie who cared for her, and she finally became as loving as Brownie. All these stories are healthful, and the little volume is tastefully illustrated. L. W.

Class B.

*Books for Intermediate Pupils.*

Jo's Boys, and How they Turned Out. A sequel to "Little Men." By Louisa M. Alcott. 16mo. Uniform with Miss Alcott's "Little Women Series." Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, $1.50.

A new book by Miss Alcott! Thirty thousand copies of "Jo's Boys," so the publishers tell us, have been ordered in advance. We shall duly notice the book in our next number. Meantime we inform our readers that they can buy it now by sending to the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

That Child. By the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." Illustrated by Gordon Browne. New York: Thomas Whittaker. pp. 237. Price, $1.25.

This is a story of a poor little child who was left to the mercy of strangers by an accident on a railroad train. Bright but wayward, and badly managed with severity, she is in danger of losing all the sweetness of her nature; but, through the love of the tried and tender-hearted Simon Asbury, her hardness is overcome, and the story leaves her strong, tender, and loving. L. W.

Young Folks' History of the Netherlands (Holland and Belgium). By Alexander Young. Fully illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. pp. 672. Price, $1.50.

We have in this history a well-written and entertaining book, and one that ought to be of interest to both old and young. It vividly pictures the struggles of the early Protestants for religious toleration and their persecution by the cruel Philip II. Mr. Young also gives us new facts concerning the life and deeds of Prince William of Orange, which present that great man to us in a much brighter light. H. P.

Faithful Friends. By L. T. Mead and other authors. New York: Thomas Whittaker, Bible House. Price, 90 cents.

This little collection of seven stories tells, with considerable power and pathos, the ups and downs of child-life among the very poor.

Our young people need not seek for heroism among knightly chronicles, or turn to far-away countries and historical personages to find pure and unselfish devotion. "Tom and Pepper" caring for poor old dog Trusty, "Meg's" life-dream for her chorister brother, and "Billy" leaving tops and marbles to take sole care of the cross baby, "Sairey-Ann," will show most sweetly the "fruits of the spirit" even among the Father's untaught "little ones." K. B.

Class C.

*Books for Teachers and Members of Adult Classes.*

The Carol. A Collection of Religious Songs for the Sunday-school and the Home; with Services for Sunday-school Worship and Church Festivals. By Charles W. Wendte. Cincinnati: The John Church Co. Boards. pp. 220. Price, single copies, 35 cents; by the hundred, 30 cents a copy.

This new book of Sunday-school songs and services has been waited for with much interest. Mr. Wendte's earlier work, the "Sunnyside," was widely used, and has been very popular in our schools. The "Carol" is more of a hymnal than a song-book, and in point of musical excellence is a marked advance over "Sunnyside." Its large and inclusive range of popular songs and good church tunes, with its new compositions, its carols, and the few short Services at the end, will commend it to schools that are looking for such a book.


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